

# FORTUNES IN OIL AND GAS

## Right at the Mouth of the Columbia River Rich Oil Fields Now in Operation Near Astoria

That OIL and natural GAS have been discovered in paying quantities across the Columbia River from Astoria at Onieda, Washington, has been important enough to a number of well-known reliable parties to cause the organization of the Pacific Coast Gas & Oil Co., with a capital stock of \$300,000. This company has just placed a number of shares of stock on the market at the low price of \$50.00 per share. READ ON--

### What the Company Is

The Pacific Coast Gas & Oil Co. is composed of reliable business men of Oregon and Washington whose only purpose is to develop the property to the best of its ability and produce a paying mine of oil and gas that all who have purchased stock may share in its profits. The officers serve without salary and include among them some of the most reputable citizens of the State. To make the company strong on account of its brilliant future it has secured leases on over 6000 acres of land. It has obtained the highest expert authority on the geological formation of the land, employed the strongest expert workmen to operate the drilling apparatus and given such other evidence of good faith to warrant any man making an investment with them.

Alex Sweek, president, Portland.  
Clayton S. Barber, sec. and treas.  
R. A. Wade, vice-president.  
Directors—John Nelson, Onieda, Wash.; Geo. L. Hutchins, Portland; Wm. Anderson, Deep River, Wash.

THIS famous oil property is located on the north bank of the Columbia River directly opposite Astoria, and right at the mouth of Deep River, at Onieda, Washington. The derrick machinery and drilling apparatus is on the ground at work daily, and open to the inspection of the public. Mr. John D. Magner and Fred E. Carl, two of the most competent oil and gas drillers in the country are in charge of the work. Go and see them drill in the ground. The location of the plant is right on John Nelson's place at Onieda where he has farmed for the past 26 years. He has been using this gas for the past 6 years that this company is now digging down for a plentiful supply. The gas is there because it has been put to practical heating and illuminating tests without a break. We want you to see the plant in operation. Look over the exceptional facilities for handling the product, and then form your opinion of those who own stock in the company. Take the steamer Julia B. or the Gen'l Washington any morning from Astoria and spend an hour at the plant and see it work. You can return in the morning or afternoon of the same day. This visit will prove a revelation. There is nothing like it in the northwest. This drilling outfit is the biggest and most up to date ever operated on the Pacific coast.

### Stock for Sale

#### For Development Purposes

The per value of the stock is \$100 per share, but is now offered at one-half (\$50) and it is worth it. The company has already sold a limited amount of stock, equipped the property with the best working machinery in the world and it has plans for a great future. The money secured from the sale of stock will be used to push the work. Every dollar will be used to prepare for the best interest of the company. As the drill goes down the stock will surely rise. The price it is now offered at will only be a short time. A good rule is to let opportunity in when it knocks at the door. For an investment there is nothing more tangible, brighter or more surer dividend paying than this stock, particularly at \$50 per share. Don't wait until it goes to par, but buy now. It is really a chance that comes seldom. Further particulars at the addresses given below.

# PACIFIC COAST GAS & OIL COMPANY

402 Commercial Block, Portland, Oregon. Higgins & Warren, Savings Bank Building, Astoria, Oregon.

### WALL STREET GUARDS

How Detectives Haunt New York's Financial District.

PROTECTING ITS MILLIONS.

There is No Display of Uniformed Police, but the Bags of Gold and the Bundles of Bills and Securities Are Closely Watched by Keen Eyes.

More millions of dollars are carried through Wall street every day than any other thoroughfare in the country sees in a week, and yet to the casual observer at least the great financial center boasts fewer policemen and detectives than the average city boulevard. The explanation is in the "hoasting." Wall street is not obtrusive in its methods of guarding its money, but it guards it nevertheless. The apparently idle individual lounging along just behind a bank clerk hurrying toward the subtreasury, with a suit case in his hand, is an armed detective. The man loitering on the curb and that other seeming workman riding on the tail of a wagon creaking under its load of canvas bags are detectives and very much alert to what is going on, for the clerk with the suit case is carrying a small fortune in paper money, and the truck's load is \$2,000,000 in gold.

Wall street long ago learned that unseen guards were far better than a display of uniformed police, for they do not attract a crowd of curious, says the New York Tribune. Moreover, the unknown guards can watch bank clerks as well as bank thieves. Under the present method a bank clerk has the comfortable feeling that a million or two have been entrusted to him, while at his heels may tread a detective who sees that the money reaches its destination in safety; then he is swallowed up in the crowd, and neither clerk nor crowd is aware of his existence.

A few years ago an express company sent a large consignment of cash to Wall street in wagons guarded by men carrying rifles. The caravan attracted such a crowd and advertised so widely the sending and receiving of riches that the company never repeated its experiment of a show of force. Now millions are shipped across the city in open trucks, with only a "helper" on the seat beside the driver. But both driver and helper are heavily armed,

and on the sidewalk keeping pace with the wagon are two or three unobtrusive individuals who are special guards and known for their ability to hit whatever they shoot at.

In the vaults of the New York subtreasury is perhaps \$350,000,000 in money, and yet one sees few guards around the building. But the guards are there and doubly awe inspiring because they are unseen and unknown. A clerk in shirt sleeves lounges for a minute in the corridor while a hand truck piled high with canvas bags is dragged into the building. The canvas bags are filled with gold, and the "clerk" is an armed detective. Each canvas bag, by the way, weighs eight-teen pounds and contains \$5,000 in gold. A wagon backs up to the curb. It, too, is loaded with white bags, much splashed with mud from their journey from some steamship dock. Two or three clerks stand idly on the sidewalk, and a hatless man paces the corridor while the bags are being hauled into the building—more gold here and more detectives, but so unobtrusively is the whole work carried on that no crowd is attracted to the scene.

But for all the seeming indifference the subtreasury is an arsenal and fully prepared to deal either with the individual robber or the collective mob. High up between the Doric columns that flank the Pine street entrance to the building are two apparently small holes. One notices the heavy iron door and the stout iron grille, but not the holes in the masonry. And yet those holes are the real terror to possible thieves or mobs, for they are fitted with trapdoors, and their purpose is to permit the dropping of dynamite bombs upon the heads of rioters should they storm the building.

But these bombs are but a small part of the system of defense. Scattered around among the clerks in the various rooms are open pine boxes, each of which holds a half dozen revolvers. The boxes are so placed as to be within reach of the clerks at all times, and the clerks know how to shoot.

It is up under the roof of the building, however, that the real arsenal is to be found. It contains at present a hundred Springfield rifles, twenty of which are fitted with bayonets, and 12,000 rounds of ammunition. Close by are four Gatling guns mounted on their tripods and provided with 20,000 rounds of cartridges. Besides these are a hundred Colt revolvers, with 1,200 cartridges, and, most awe inspiring of all perhaps, 1,500 bombs are ready to be dropped through these holes over the entrance on the heads of any "undesirable" persons who insist upon en-

tering the building.

Under the eaves on the Nassau street front of the building the windows are equipped with steel shutters so designed that they may be projected from the wall and give shelter to marksmen who with their rifles could sweep Broad and Nassau streets clear of human beings in a few minutes. Although these weapons are never used, they are kept in perfect order.

By no means is all the gold of Wall street kept in the subtreasury. In the vaults down in the basement of the Stock Exchange building are stored millions of securities, and twice each day, in the morning and again in the evening, trucks back up to the curb, and trunks filled with bonds and securities of all kinds are carried out of or into the building. In order to guard amply against accidents making it impossible to open the vaults, there are two doors, one at the Broad street end and the other at the New street side of the long room, each door having four time locks. Each of these giant doors weighs twenty tons and cost \$30,000.

A lieutenant of the New York police has charge of the financial detective bureau, composed of twelve or fifteen central office men, with headquarters in a room on the fifth floor of the Stock Exchange building, Wall street side. These men are on duty from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. and make it their business particularly to watch the transfer of valuables to and from safe deposit vaults early and late in the day. They stroll through the district comparing notes with private watchmen in banks and looking out for crooks who may dare to invade the historic dead line of Broadway, Pearl, Beaver and Liberty streets. They correct the carelessness of messenger lads who come down the steps of the subtreasury counting a bunch of hundred dollar bills; they unobtrusively follow porters with valises of greenbacks and stand by to make an arrest when a Pinkerton has gathered evidence against a dishonest employee. It is the boast of the financial squad that not a dollar has been stolen by professionals in the district since Inspector Byrnes mapped the dead line.

### Not So Bad.

Mr. Subbs (after engaging cook)—There's one other thing I suppose you should know, Miss Flannigan—my wife is a chronic invalid, confined to her room.

Miss Flannigan—That's fine. I was afraid she might be wan iv thim chronic kickers that ar-re confined t' th' kitchen, begobst!—Pack.

### HARVARD'S CRIMSON

Although President Eliot's opposition to modern college football is well known, he has always been interested in same athletics, and during his undergraduate days himself participated in college sports. Many a crew has listened to his interesting experiences of these days when Harvard pulled eight oars and Yale six—a time allowance usually being given for the difference—and when the crew met professionals and raced for prize money which got the crew out of debt. But all of this was part of his desire to keep up his physical, mental, and moral health. He developed no one set of muscles out of all proportion to another, and unquestionably he believed then as now in a sound mind and a sound body.

He likes to tell of the origin of Harvard's "crimson". In 1858 the first Harvard rowing shell was put on the water. Three men, of whom Alexander Agassiz was one, got together and bought it.

"We had not paid for the boat," said President Eliot, when asked about this, "and we depended on our first prize money to pay for it. Well the day before the race, it appeared that there were to be thirteen or fourteen boats in the race and we said to each other, 'How are our friends going to know us in the regatta?' We have no uniform, nothing at all to distinguish us. We had rowed in our various underclothes up to that time. So 'Ben' Crowinshield and I went down to Hovey's and bought six red handkerchiefs just about that color (picking up a flower from the table) and we tied those handkerchiefs around our heads, and that, gentlemen, is the origin of the Harvard red. Here is the kind of silk handkerchief that was worn a few years later (showing a handkerchief). It was not the right color. The trouble was that magenta came in and the Harvard color was magenta for a few years; but that handkerchief is a poor aniline dye. This (showing an American beauty rose of a very dark red hue) was the real color."—Success Magazine.

### Sherman Transfer Co.

HENRY SHERMAN, Manager.

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ASTORIA, OREGON

## A FEW SPECIALS SOMETHING EXTRA FINE

Cresta Blanca Sauterne (Chateau Yguern).	60c
Pints.....	
Cresta Blanca (Red and White). Chianti.....	75c
Cresta Blanca Sparkling Burgundy. Nips.....	35c

### AMERICAN IMPORTING CO.

589 Commercial Street